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## GUN DUEL MARS HARMONY AT THE ELKS BIG SMOKER

With the engineering of Douglas Gillespie, local manager of telephone matters, the Elks' smoker Tuesday night was a whirl of fun and laughter.

Early in the evening a quarrel began between exalted ruler Loren Cress and county engineer J. B. Wright. Kansas meanness was matched against Virginia devilishness. The quarrel kept growing worse until it got too much for Loren to stand, whereupon he drew his six-gun and took several shots at the doughty captain. The latter, brave in the face of fire, pulled his gun, too. A dozen shots were exchanged, everyone anywhere near in range beating it away and some trying to jump through the windows.

Fortunately for the combatants, their marksmanship was poor. Fortunately for the bystanders there was nothing but percussion caps in the guns.

Some of those present had to be told several times that it was all a hoax, and some of them aren't sure yet that they escaped death only by agility and the good wishes of providence.

A feature was the hula-hula dancer. Word was passed around that she was sent here from Honolulu by colonel Fred Breen. It was generally believed until in some way it got out that the young lady was in reality Jack Fuss.

Among the speakers was Dr. A. J. Mackey, attorney Frank Harrison, Henry Albers and attorney C. B. Wilson, all of whom made regular addresses (assuming you know what that implies). Impromptu gas attacks were made by Loren Cress, Clarence Pulliam, John Zalaha, Joe P. Wilson and captain J. B. Wright.

After the fight the Elks' quartette jumped to the front and sang: "We were only fooling, fooling in our Irish-Jewish way." Clyde Hunnicutt was the author of the song and those warbling it with him were Francis Decker, Hill Lewis and Horace Nay. The Elks' jazz orchestra — Frank Quirk, Roger Morse and Levi Montgomery, tinkled and slammed away entertainingly.

There was a lot to eat, plenty to smoke, and much to discuss. A big crowd was present and nobody failed to have a genuine good time.

## EXAMINATION FOR FLAGSTAFF POSTMASTER MARCH 14

The U. S. civil service commission announces that an open competitive examination for the position of "presidential" postmaster for Flagstaff shall be held on March 14, and says that the vacancy in the Flagstaff post-office began January 21, 1922.

This examination is at the request of the postmaster general. It is not an examination under the civil service act and rules, but is held under an executive order issued May 10, 1921, and revised July 27, 1921.

## COME IN NOW AND GET GARDEN SEED

Remember that government garden seed. The Sun still has lettuce, beet, radish, onion and tomato seeds, sent in care of The Sun by U. S. senator Ralph Cameron for the people of this county. Drop in and get your seeds.

## THERE'S ROOM FOR BELIEF THAT THE COLONEL GOT ALMOST TOO MUCH FISH

(Special to The Sun)  
Honolulu, January 29, 1922.

The Hula Poi party was a grand success. A good time was had by all. This alludes to the special invitation to tourists, of which we are two, mentioned in our recent letter. For fear some unsophisticated person might misunderstand this function and fear we had gone astray slumming, it might be well to say that Harry Leon Wilson, the writer, and his wife were also present and included with the some 150 other tourists to witness this ancient dance of the royalty.

The ceremony was held in the private home of one Antonio Koa, a native of long standing and considerable sitting. Usually the function is held in the yard adjoining the house, but owing to the evident poor construction of the plumbing in the sky overhead, it was held in a long dining room.

When you arrived you were courteously introduced to the general manager and his wife, who were doing the honors for Uncle Antonio, who speaks no English. At least, he claimed he didn't and from what he said we were constrained to believe him. It would seem almost impossible to get English out of a face like his—even his native language seemed to carom some of his "k's" hit his teeth. He let the vowels slip through open spaces where there was plenty of gum room.

The piece de resistance was barbecued pig served in a glass dish. It was difficult to tell just where the pig left off and the slop commenced. This mellow mixture you were supposed to eat with your fingers.

Poi, the native dish, is made of a root something similar to a potato, which is pounded into flour and made into a thick paste a little thinner than

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

The following was written especially for The Sun by Miss Barbara Rees, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom L. Rees:

"He was honest and truthful. His father had an orchard of trees."

"And he would not tell a lie. His father was angry but he did not get a spanking. Because he told the truth."

"His mother wanted a pretty horse."

"George wanted to learn to ride it."

"Once he jumped on the horse. He bucked and fell back and broke his leg."

"George went and told his mother."

"His mother did not scold him."

Barbara Rees, age 7.  
(Which, to our way of thinking, has it all over Dr. Frank Crane's synopsized editorials.)

## NEW KOLB BROTHERS CANYON PICTURES HERE NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT

Through the enterprise of the Elks, Flagstaff people will have the opportunity next Friday night, March 3, to see the new and thrilling Black Canyon and Westwater Canyon photographs made by Kolb Brothers of Grand Canyon in their recent boat trip through the dangerous waters of those two great gorges.

The pictures are said to be much more thrilling than Kolb Brothers' pictures of their boat trip through Grand Canyon. Theirs are the only boats that ever went through either the Black or Westwater canyons, where in one place the water drops 1,000 feet in 11 miles.

Ellsworth Kolb will be here and will lecture in explanation of the pictures as they are flashed on the screen.

This is not one of the Elks regular nights at the Orpheum, their regular show coming next Tuesday night, February 28. Consequently, the tickets in the Elks books will not be good at the special show next Friday night.

In addition to the Kolb pictures, there will be two comedies, each of one reel. Tickets are to be reserved at the Orpheum, and as this show comes just before Lent and is one of unusual interest as well, the Elks expect to have a capacity house.

## RELEASED FROM JAIL TO GET SOLDIERS RELIEF

D. F. Burkhardt, who with McGuire of Clarkdale, had been in the county jail here for some time, awaiting trial on the charge of alleged transportation of liquor, was discharged on Monday by mutual consent of county attorney Gold and sheriff Campbell. The clean-up squad, here on that day, wished to take care of Burkhardt's case. He was with the signal corps in France, was cited for bravery twice, was wounded with shrapnel and permanently injured. In view of this good military record, it was felt that he should have the opportunity to go before the squad and get what is coming to him from the government in the way of care and compensation. McGuire is still being held.

## JAMISON, COOPERATIVE STORE STOCK SALESMAN ARRESTED IN RENO, NEV.

Fred Jamison, who sold stock here for the Pacific Cooperative League stores, was arrested yesterday at Reno, Nevada, and an effort will be made to have him extradited and brought here.

Sheriff Billy Campbell told a representative of The Sun yesterday morning that in spite of conflicting assertions made by people connected with the league that Jamison was in either San Francisco or Phoenix, that he was satisfied in his own mind that he would be found either at Reno or Carson, Nevada. Following that hunch he wired both these points, with the result that he received a wire late yesterday from Reno that Jamison is in custody there.

Since the announcement by The Sun last week of the impending bankruptcy of the Pacific Cooperative stores, there has been much excitement here, due to the fact that the stock salesman for the concern had succeeded in getting about \$1200 in cash and several thousand dollars in notes from Flagstaff men.

The Sun is sorry that the information could not have been obtained earlier. However, it is unlikely that the makers of the notes will lose anything. Time alone will tell whether the investors will get back any of the cash they paid in.

The Sun has it on the best authority that Fred Jamison, who was doing the stock selling here, had been advised of the impending crisis several days before he left here. Jamison sold a lot more stock the night before he took his hurried departure. There is a warrant out for his arrest. Sheriff W. A. Campbell went to Phoenix after him, but was advised that he had gone west. He wired officers along the road and was advised by one of them that a man answering Jamison's description changed cars at Ludlow, Calif., and went north. On the other hand, it is reported locally that Jamison is now in or near San Francisco. To dispute this, the chief of police of San Francisco wired sheriff Campbell yesterday that the League people there say Jamison is at an unknown address in Phoenix. At any rate, sheriff Campbell has a drag net out all over the country to pick Jamison up on what some local people are pleased to call a "friendly" warrant.

Sheriff Campbell, when he saw the article in The Sun last week, wired sheriff Thos. F. Flinn of San Francisco, who replied: "Local board of trade on behalf of creditors attached Pacific Cooperative League on claims for \$26,000. I am in charge of stock in trade at 226 Commercial street."

Since last Friday several of the League stores in this state have been closed. The one at Seligman is still open. Mr. Keith of this city, who is the manager, is making an effort to raise money in that place to carry on the business. Keith has the confidence of Seligman people and it may be he can keep the store open. The stores in Winslow and Prescott are reported to be padlocked.

The Sun has been censured by local enthusiasts for not getting actively behind Jamison when he came here to sell stock. The truth was that the proposition did not look good to The Sun, partly because of certain stories that some of the stores were not giving satisfaction to their stockholders. The Sun, besides, could not regard the movement as truly "cooperative." It savored too much of "cooperative" financing, the local men to carry the whole burden at the behest of shrewd promoters who were to be the chief beneficiaries.

Jamison came into The Sun office a two weeks ago last night and demanded that a long article boosting him and his proposition be printed in The Sun. His request was refused on the ground that The Sun hadn't enough faith in his sincerity. He got abusive, threatening to organize both the farmers and labor against The Sun, and was unceremoniously ordered out doors. He went as fast as his feet could carry him. He seems to have traveled even faster in getting out of town and the county when he decided it was time to go.

## POLICE GAZETTE HAD PICTURE GOVERNOR GETS THE PELT

The skin of the biggest bear bear ever killed in Arizona, which killing was made last fall by Ed Babbitt of this city and Dr. Musgrave, big game killer for the state, has been presented to governor Campbell by Musgrave and Don Gilchrist. A picture of the skin with the untattered hunters, Babbitt and Musgrave, was recently printed in the Police Gazette. It was the copy that Mabel Normand bought just before William Desmond Taylor was killed, according to Ed, though what that signifies he didn't make exactly clear.

## ANYHOW, WE'RE RAKING OFF PART OF THE LOOT

It is not generally known that cities in this state with populations of 3,000 or more are entitled to receive half of two per cent of all moneys collected in their respective borders by fire insurance companies—after fire losses in the cities are deducted. Flagstaff received \$430 in 1920 and \$492 for 1921. Which leads to the inference, which might not be hard to substantiate by a little figuring, that the fire insurance companies are making more than the usual profiteer's profit out of the business they do in this municipality.

## ROTARY CLUB HAS FINE PROGRAM TO CELEBRATE SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY

An interesting program featured the observance of the 17th birthday anniversary of International Rotary as celebrated by the local Rotary club at the meeting Tuesday.

Dr. L. B. McMullen, chairman for the day, presented a gigantic pink cake, with 17 candles, which was gorgeous eating. Then, after president Fred Lusk had called the members to order and had them sing a song in which the predominating sentiment was, "I'm a loud crowing rooster, a hard-scratching booster, for the Flagstaff Rotary," Mac, throwing in frequent witty remarks with disingenuous spontaneity, called in rapid succession on the following members who responded as denoted:

President Fred Lusk, message from International president McCullough; Padre Vabre, "the solution of present day problems"; George T. Herrington, message from Melbourne, Australia; John Q. Thomas, message from Japan; Ed Babbitt, message from New Zealand; Doc Mackey, message from Panama; George Becker, message from Cuba; J. C. Brown, message from India; Loren Cress, message from Sidney, Australia; I. B. Koch, message from Paris; Del Strong, message from Great Britain. Each message conveyed a Rotary thought and evidence of the scope and power of Rotary internationally.

The solution of present day problems, as read by Father Vabre from Rotary's gigantic national optimism campaign, was: "He profits most who serves best. The international convention of Rotary clubs at Edinburgh, Scotland, in June, 1921, wherein twenty countries were represented, sent forth from its assembly a message of fervent good will to all mankind. United by a common desire to serve, and desiring the true peace and welfare of their fellow men of every race and creed, they proclaimed their faith and commended it as a solution of every difficulty in government, commerce and industry among the peoples of the world. That faith is: Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them! Again, on its 17th birthday anniversary International Rotary declares its belief that universal dedication to this spirit of united service is the need of the world today and asks: 'Is there any problem of government, industry or commerce which a practical application of the Golden Rule will fail to solve?'"

Mr. Wilson in his statistics said there are now 1,048 Rotary Clubs, there being clubs in practically every country in the world. There were only 15 clubs in 1910. No club ever gave up its charter. Though the membership is limited there are nearly 100,000 members. Average attendance in 1921 was 75 per cent of all members. No other organization in the world can claim an equal showing. He emphasized the good fellowship features of Rotary, the dispelling of personal grouches, the inspiration that "makes Rotary members look arms instead of locking horns."

Dr. McMullen called attention to the number of great men and great things that have birthdays about this time of the year, including himself, who was born on January 28.

Dr. McMullen read a message from Paul Harris, representing the original Rotary club — the Chicago organization, as follows:

"It is high time for the development of a new conscience, an international conscience. The world in which we live is a pretty good world and we owe it allegiance. We have at times overstressed the national viewpoint. May we not advantageously cultivate a broader perspective?"

"Rotary has dedicated itself to the advancement of an ideal, the ideal of service; if the world becomes imbued with the spirit of service there will be no occasion for war; the brotherhood of man will be here."

"The accomplishments of Rotary to date have been impressive indeed, its spontaneous spread from one country to another has been without precedent. There is a reason for such a remarkable success; it lies in the fact that Rotary has placed its dependence upon the most dependable attribute of man, friendliness. Doubts and suspicions disappear when friendship enters."

"Here then is to Rotary, may it advance to every nation and may it spirit all the hearts and minds of all men, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, to the end that in God's own good time sacred friendship may take the place of all traditional enmities and the day of permanent peace finally dawn."

President Lusk called attention to the attendance percentages as issued from district headquarters, showing that Flagstaff in January had an average of 89.80, which was a little above the average for the whole 23rd district. Thirteen clubs in the district were behind us and eight ahead of us in attendance.

Dr. Martin Fronske urged those who will attend the district convention in San Francisco next month to let him know as soon as possible.

Guests at the meeting were: Judge J. E. Jones, forest supervisor E. G. Miller, Horace E. Nay, professor John B. Gunter, county supervisor W. H. Campbell, E. T. Coulter, Ray Babbitt, Douglas Gillespie, Earl C. Slipper, Charlie Isham.

Judge J. E. Jones was in Prescott the first of the week presiding in a title suit.

## OFFICERS SURPRISED

The officers were all mixed up. J. B. Williams of Garland Prairie had been arrested charged with stealing a brood sow and other things, such as logging chain, shoes, etc. Sheriff's deputies C. Y. Campbell and Frank Short went out to search the place and found a still. They arrested Tex Strothers and Leslie Hill, who were in charge of the ranch for Williams. Later the officers went to Jack Gibson's place with a search warrant to look for a still and found a quarter of beef in the straw stack. Hearing for all four of the defendants will be held in Williams tomorrow.

## MISS LEONA MERTENS DIED ON SATURDAY CAME HERE FROM OHIO

Miss Leona Mertens died on Saturday night, from tuberculosis, and was buried from the Catholic church here Monday forenoon, interment being in the Catholic cemetery.

Miss Mertens was only 20 years old. She came here two years ago from Columbus, Ohio, and for a time kept books for Frank Bennett. During the first few months here she lived with her aunt, Mrs. Buel Hyde, who is her mother's sister.

Later, the disease growing worse, Miss Mertens was taken to St. Luke's home, Phoenix, where she stayed for some time, and then returned here, making her home until last fall with Mrs. F. O. Allen. Her mother, Mrs. Matilda Mertens, with her three other children, came here in the fall and got a house on North Humphrey street, to which they took the patient.

Miss Mertens seemed to be getting along nicely but had a hemorrhage Saturday night, which resulted in almost immediate death. She was a beautiful, charming young woman and had many friends here. Had she recovered she was to have been married to a young man in Pasadena, Calif.

## MADDOCK "LOST" LETTER SO PAVING PROGRAM WAITS

City clerk Clarence T. Pulliam is making a strong effort to get from state engineer Tom Maddock federal aid for extending the paving on Milton road where it now ends out past the Arizona Lumber & Timber Co., to the city limits. Maddock claims the delay so far is because he "lost" the first letter Clarence wrote him. The A. L. & T. Co., stand ready to put up the cash for their part of the cost and it is hoped, without too much optimism, that the state engineer will relent far enough in his opposition to the wishes of people here to see that federal aid is provided. In anticipation of the paving the state highway was not built clear to the end of the paving though it was included in the project. At the high cost of \$13,000 a mile that the state highway from Milton to Flagstaff cost, under state building, there should still be something left from the part that wasn't built as surfaced highway to apply to the paving.

H. S. Gilmer was up from Winslow the first of the week for a short visit with some of his many friends here.

## AND THEN THAT HE FED SOME OF IT BACK TO THE FISHES ON WAY TO HILO

(Special to The Sun)  
Honolulu, February 6, 1922.

Well, just whistle this on your piccolo, if you can — "Puuhuhulu Peak." It sounds like the rumblings of a person with a loose palate and a bad cold. However, it is the name of a peak on the island of Hawaii, the largest island of the group, where Hilo is situated, also the crater of the volcano Kilauwa.

Hilo is some 200 miles down the line by water and the trip over on the big boat Matsouia (17,000 tons) was mainly up hill and over bad roads, as it were. It was hard to tell whether the heavy wind made the high waves or whether the high waves made the heavy wind. It seemed as though we bumped the bottom several times and bounced to the next high peak. About three-fourths of the people on board, all of whom had paid for their dinner, refused to eat it — as the Frenchman said, "on the contrary." About three a. m. a big comber came along and took a wallop at our port side, breaking in a number of cabin doors and drowned out the passengers with an early morning bath. The wind, also, knocked our wireless out of commission. We got into port at Hilo about four hours later. Everybody agreed that the ship had it all over the elevator boy for ups and downs and a shimmy that loosened every brassiere.

After a light breakfast for most passengers, we were dragged away to the Volcano House, some 35 miles away. Rain followed us all the way and it remained over with us, returning the next day and followed us out of sight of land.

The roadway on either side reminded one of a description of the jungles of Africa. It was one solid

## MRS. ENGLAND SOAKED THIEVING STEWARD OF OCEAN LINER ON JAW

Mrs. Barbara England soaked him on the jaw; then threw him out of her stateroom.

It was the steward of the Hamburg-American line steamer on which she sailed last fall to Germany for a six-months' visit among her 200 relatives living there and from which she got back to Flagstaff recently after short visits in Chicago and Albuquerque.

The steward didn't know the intrepid Flagstaff lady. Not for nothing had she amassed a fortune in her long years' ranching here. She knew how to take care of the \$2,000 in cash she was carrying with her, and when he sneaked into her room late at night while they were lying in dock at Hoboken and started to get rough, she swung both feet out of her berth, propelled them against his middle, then jumped up, held him against the wall and planted a neat uppercut on his jaw. Then she threw him out and a few minutes later, with several others he had succeeded in robbing, identified him to the officers and had him fired.

It's all nonsense, Mrs. England says, this talk over here about bad conditions in Germany. The people there have all they want to eat and wear and plenty of work. Prices are low. She showed a pair of fine, high shoes she bought for less than \$3. Three of them had a meal in a swell Berlin cafe — everything from four kinds of meat to ice cream and cake — and the total bill was \$1.60, though as she told it in marks it sounded like a lot more. Fine two-story brick houses in good city neighborhoods cost about \$2,200.

As everything was so cheap, she was asked if she didn't bring back a lot of the \$2,000 she took across. She confessed that she had sent back for more money. "My 200 relatives all called me the 'American princess,' she said, and I had to live up to my reputation."

A mark, nominally worth 20 cents, is now worth two cents, American money. She brought back a lot of their paper money and aluminum 50-mark pieces as souvenirs. It filled a big handbag, but is worth only about \$25.

Balzar Hock of Flagstaff, who went across last year and who is now in Cincinnati and expects to be back this month, was entertained at dinner in Germany by Mrs. England at the home of one of her relatives.

Mrs. England says the beer over there isn't much, but the wine is good. Joe Dolan and Joe Wilson, interested listeners to her experiences, quizzed her a little closely when the wine subject was broached, but she intimated with a smile that they were asking questions that were entirely too personal.

## KILLED BEEVES

County attorney F. M. Gold and deputy sheriff John Garrett last week landed three men who had just before that hired a wagon at Winslow with which they drove to this side of the line and shot three bees, belonging to the Hart Cattle Co., the Clear Creek Cattle Co., and Mr. Daze, afterward skinning the carcasses and carrying away a lot of beef. Two of them pleaded guilty and will be sentenced at Winslow.

## AND THEN THAT HE FED SOME OF IT BACK TO THE FISHES ON WAY TO HILO

mass of ferns, shrubs and trees. There were volcanic signs similar to Arizona's along the route, though fern-covered.

After lunch oil-skin coats and hats were secured and the party started out to view the inferno which nature has so kindly provided for foresters of the hereafter.

The view from the Volcano House reminded one a little of Grand Canyon. Steam was escaping in thousands of places through the crust of the old lava overflows, though we were five or six miles away from the main pit.

First we gazed down some few hundred feet into the lake-like bottom of an extinct crater. At first this looked like water, but a closer view showed a bottom as level as water and covered with lava about the color of a paved street. On further, the guide, with a flash-light, led us down into a small canyon through the jungle and dripping water, to a big opening and into a long cave, or tube, as it is called here. Water dripped through the top of this and it was a dark old hole about 100 yards long before we came to an opening. There was some two or three miles more of this tube, but the 100 yards was amply sufficient to prove the contention of the natives that they had miles more of the same under foot.

A few miles farther on we came to the vast area covered by the overflow of lava in 1919, which had sloped over the main pit and raised the surrounding country from 25 to 50 feet. The autos were parked about 200 yards away from the rim. A very good trail led up to the crumbled rim, showing the little hill some 200 or 300 feet down, working away in spots

(Continued on Page Eight)